

Of the four sister valleys which form the Scenery of Craven - the upper valleys of the Aire, the Ribbles, & the Wharfe - Wharfedale is by far the loveliest. It is the most secluded too, for the railway ends at Ilkley, above which, you no longer come upon the inevitable mill chimneys of the West-riding, & the air is uncontaminated & delicious as in any highland straths. The river comes with a hasty course from the high peat-moors, brown, bright & bonny; every village in the valley has its tates of disaster wrought by the Wharfe when in flood. The pleasant villages - Burnsall being the loveliest village of the dale - are scattered two or three miles apart each with laithes (cow-houses) in the village street, for the rearing of Craven cattle is the great-occupation of the Craven folk. There is hardly a patch of corn to be seen in the upper valley, but the meadows are exquisite. The hay harvest is the event of the year in the dale.

Upper Wharfedale is lovely throughout - at Bolton Woods is - 'the same only more so.' Here is, certainly, a capital business, because the Wharfe, swift & straight until now, here winds excessively. Every loop of the river winds round a green tree. Shaded meadows on either side of the meads, are the thickly wooded slopes of the high fells.

On a far smaller scale than Fountains, not picturesque in ruin as Rishatall, Bolton Abbey is distinguished amongst the northern houses only for beauty of situation. The shell of the church is nearly entire - & much so, indeed, for picturesque effect. It shows two distinct styles, the twelfth century work of the original builders, who appear to have finished the Choir before their migration from Embsay in 1156; & the 14th century work, a 'restoration' apparently. The final effort was the 16th Century Perpendicular tower which is rather a disight to the west front. The nave is still used as the parish church, but the conventual building

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Buildings have been quite destroyed.  
The interest of the graveyard centres in the charming  
legend of the 'White Doe of Rylstone': the story runs, that  
after the dissolution, a wild doe was wont to appear  
every Sunday in the Abbey Churchyard amongst the  
worshippers; then she would remain during the service  
swooning away with the red, betwixt herself &  
Arncliffe, in a glen near the corner of the Wharfe. "This  
incident awakens the fancy," says Dr. Whitaker; -  
certainly it did, for the passage in the history of these  
inspired Northwicks with his exquisite poem of  
'The White Doe of Rylstone'. He weaves in with the  
above legend the fortunes of the Hordons of Norton Conyers  
+ of Rylstone; but follows the fine ballad of 'The Rising  
of the North,' rather than historical fact - which he  
says "The Hordons, & mine eight good sons  
They doom'd to die: -"

The story of the rebellion of 1569 is, briefly, as follows:  
The expectation of a marriage between Mary Stuart & the  
Duke of Norfolk led to a general rising in the North,  
where the great lords were Catholics, & anxious to restore  
the old religion, & in the eastern counties in support  
of Norfolk. Nearly all the great Yorkshire families  
were concerned in this rising, & notably, the Hordons  
of Norton Conyers, old Richard Hordon having taken an  
active part more than thirty years before in the Pilgrimage  
of Grace. Norfolk shortly fell into the hands of the  
Government, but the Northern lords were not to  
be put down, & assembled their forces at Kirby:  
thence, to Durham, where Richard Hordon with eighty  
followers marched into the Minster, bearing the  
old banner of the former rising - the Cross & the five  
wounds, & restored the service of the Mass. Then  
followed a progress to Darlington, to Ripon, to  
Knaresborough, to Tadcaster. But, shortly, news of the  
advance of the Queen's army caused the insurgents  
to disperse with little resistance. Runciville (John  
as pitiless as that which overtook the former insurgents  
Northumberland) was beheaded in the Pavement of York.





ruined tower. This is Barden Tower, where the <sup>11th Nov 1834</sup> ~~Shepherd~~ <sup>26</sup> Lord of Chipping dwelt - by choice, though it was a poor place compared with the great castle he owned elsewhere. His father was John, Lord Clifford, the 'Butcher' of the battle of Wakefield, who fell on the eve of Towton. On the ascendancy of the Yorkists, his family were in danger & danger of their lives, this eldest son & heir was only preserved by twenty-four years of shepherd life spent, first, <sup>the</sup> on the Yorkshire moors, then on those of Cumberland - such a disguise serving him better than the most secret hiding place. The romantic circumstances of this pleasant life, & the joyful restoration of the 'Shepherd Lord' after the battle of Bosworth are described by Woodworth in his 'Song of the Feast of Brighthelm Castle'. Scott has something to say of "the lusty Clifford," who led the men of Wakefield to the battle of Flodden. Friendship with the monks of Bolton who shared his delight in certain studies is supposed to have been the cause of the Lord Henry's preference for Barden Tower as an abode. He spent much time in the restoration of his various castles which had been laid waste during the Wars of the Roses. Again, in the Civil War, the castles of the Clifford were laid waste; & this time (about 1650) they were restored, as many an inscription testifies by Anne, Countess of Pembroke, a most wise & valiant - and stately lady. The fortress of the Clifford in the pleasant market town of Chipping was amongst those thus restored.

Lower down the river is Ilkley, a delightful health resort - seated on the edge of Wharfedale. The present importance of Ilkley rests upon its hydro-pneumatic establishments, Banchydyke, Ilkley Wells House, &c., &c. The bright little town is indebted to the antiquary for the reasons; Roman remains abound here, the remains of a Roman camp are to be traced. These early <sup>Caesars</sup> ~~Caesars~~



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down the valley in Harwood with its ruined  
Castle, dismantled, probably during the Civil War,  
on present Harwood House, on the site of  
Gawthorpe Hall, which was <sup>occupied</sup> ~~tenanted~~ by at least  
two interesting families, the Gascoignes, of whom  
was that Judge Gascoigne who committed Prince Henry  
afterwards Henry V, & off later, by the Harwood House.  
has the great Shropshire with refuge occasionally placed  
out with "Thorough" & other schemes for carrying on  
an impossible government. "God!" he writes, "with  
that quietness in myself could I live here!"  
The present Harwood House has some <sup>valuable</sup> ~~interesting~~  
collections & amongst the very interesting monuments  
in Harwood Church are those of Sir William (Judge)  
Gascoigne & his wife.

Boston Spa, a pleasant little watering place, with saline  
springs. & Thorpe Arch, where the river is picturesque  
slowly, with limestone cliffs, as in its upper  
course, as the last point is Wharfedale we have  
space to notice.

### Airedale

Airedale the valley of the Calder, lovely valleys  
both, have become the seats of the great manufacturing  
of Yorkshire - that of wool & cloth. In no part of England  
do the manufacturing towns lie more thickly  
than in this valley. Within a circuit of eleven  
miles from Bradford a ~~million~~ population of a  
million are gathered in the thickly clustered  
towns & hamlets - as dense a population as is met  
to be met with elsewhere in England, excepting  
in London & about Manchester. Yet, through the  
beautiful valley rivers are black with refuse from  
the mills, & through trees & grass an smoke begins  
here

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The lovely valleys are not altogether spoiled. From almost  
any manufacturing town in the district, a railway  
journey of few minutes brings the work people to  
wood & glen & breezy moor; & perhaps, one reason  
why the Yorkshire mill 'hands' are, on the whole, cheery  
& healthy folk, is that they do not crowd the Saturday  
trains.  
A favourite excursion is to Bell Busk, the nearest  
station to <sup>some</sup> of the great chases of Yorkshire - the  
magnificent rock scenery of Malham Cove, &  
with the sea rising from its base, & the  
seas, but we have already spoken of these, &  
cannot linger over the picturesque aspects of  
Airedale: we must consider it rather as the seat of  
the great industry of the West-riding.

Wool, as every one knows, is a sort of hair, but with this  
difference, that each fibre of wool curls, not with  
large loose curls such as we see in hair, but with  
a fine curl or wave: also, each curly fibre has  
jagged edges, being encased with scales, so minute  
that it is impossible to see them with the naked eye  
or to feel them, but yet, large enough to catch in one  
another. The natural curl of the wool fibres causes  
them to keep the twist they put in the spinning, & by  
their jagged edges, they hold fast to one another.  
Thus, what is called the nap of broad cloth is obtained  
by so pummeling the cloth that each fibre becomes  
locked by its jagged edges to other fibres. & again,  
furm is strong and elastic & does not break at the joints  
because the countless fibres that form it lock  
together by means of their scales & are not quite easily  
pulled apart. All wools do not possess these  
serviceable properties in the same degree; some are  
short, fine, curly, & thickly covered with scales, other sorts are  
long, straight, smooth, because the scales are fewer & the fibres are  
fewer



broken by only a few of these scales.

There was ~~time~~ when, according to Sutter, "all the nations of the world were kept warm by English wools"; but to-day, a visit to the Saltaire mills for instance reveals the fact that wools for the various Yorkshire manufactures are brought from all quarters of the globe. Here in the immense warehouses, as to be seen loose, odd, looking bales from India, packed in India-matting; neat little square ballots of alpaca from Peru; workmanlike bales from Germany; clumsy packages of mohair from the mohair part of Syria; much fine wool from South Africa; endless bales of the beautiful Botany wool from Australia; wools from Australia, wools from Egypt.

Admitted into a factory, we are taken first to see the sorting, which is usually carried on in the top story of the mill because the sorter wants a strong light from the roof for his work. The sorter stands at a board breast high, before a window, upon which a fleece is spread; & with wonderful quickness of eye & hand, he sorts the hairs into, sometimes, a dozen different qualities.

The next process is simple enough. The wool is thrown into a large trough, filled with hot-water & soap, & worked about with iron rakes until it is clean. Then, a "porcupine," a roller set with hooked teeth, draws it out of the water. It is dried by being spread over a wire grating beneath which large fans create a draught of hot air. Then, a plucker, set with crooked teeth, pulls the locks from the tangled apron of wool which it is fed; & then hot or stew preparing

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machines make the broad apron of wool into a loose roll no bigger than a child's wrist, called a sliver.

Next, the sliver goes into a combing machine, a wonderful machine, capable of a dozen distinct actions. To understand the difficulty of combing a tuft of wool, we must remember that it is unlike the combing of one's own hair in this - that the hair is attached at one end, whereas, the wool is free at both; therefore, the combing machine must hold fast one end of the tuft, & at the same time, comb out the loose end. Then, the combed end must be held, & the longest end combed. When the tuft is combed at both ends it must be laid so as to overlap the last tuft. The comb must be cleaned with a knife. The dirt & refuse must be emptied into a receiving can; & a new tuft of tangled wool must be seized ready for the combing. All these actions, & more, are performed, quick as thought, by a single machine, & the result is, a lovely milk-white roll of combed wool pouring out onto the can waiting to receive it.

The object of this 'combing & brushing' - for men are brushers as well as combers attached to the machine - is to produce the same effect that Combing & brushing <sup>produce</sup> upon the hair. When it enters the combing machine, the wool is tangled, matted and quite clean; when it comes out, all the fibres of the wool lie side by side, straight & smooth & free from dirt. Before the invention of this wonderful & beautiful machine, wool-combing was done by hand, & the work of the wool-comber was tedious, dirty, & done under degrading conditions. Nothing was



Saxon crosses are preserved in the churchyard; - Eltham appears even to have been a British city, the Alieana which Ptolemy names amongst the cities of the Brigantes. Between Eltham & Otley there is a fine reach of the Wear valley, verdant, well-wooded, with the broad full river flowing through it, there are two or three interesting houses. Otley, a pleasant market town, has even Fairfax monuments in its interesting church. Otley Chevin overlooks the town. Roston Spa, a pleasant little watering place with saline springs. & Thorp Arch, where the river is picturesque, with limestone cliffs, are the last points in Wharfedale we have space to notice.



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the contrary can be cleaner, neater, & more ~~rapid~~ <sup>expeditious</sup> than the work of this machine.

But combing is not the only process by which the curling fibres of wool may be reduced to order. Carding is considered to answer better than combing for the finest kinds of wool. The fibres of which are very short & closely curled. The carding room is an immense room with, perhaps, a hundred great carding machines, standing in pairs, and at end, with a passage between them. A card is an iron roller, set all over with steel wires, shorter & closer together than the hairs of a clothes brush. Then are a large card, & a number of smaller card is a machine. The wool enters the mouth of the machine & is drawn through the prickles of one card after another, until, after the last carding, every fibre lies straight & even.

The soft clod of wool that leaves the machine after the carding is pressed together & rolled & drawn upon machine after another, until it becomes a sort of soft cord about the thickness of a candle-wick. It is then wound upon spindles & is ready for the spinning frame. The sliver of wool goes through fully a dozen frames, however, before it is ready for spinning; & as each frame presses several slivers into one, & draws out that one until it is thinner than any of the slivers of which it is formed, the wool is doubled many times while passing through the frames. Indeed, it is considered, that about a quarter of a million doubling takes place before the wool is spun, each doubling helps to stretch & arrange the short fibres, & so to scatter their ends, that the strands will